THE
Arraigning and Indicting
OF
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A Man of Noble blood, and well-beloved in *England*, and hath been a great maintainer of all *England*, both rich and poor; yet now is found guilty of many a sinful act and bloody crime, and therefore he is Arraigned and Condemned, and ſtands to the mercy of the Iury; And if any man has any thing to lay to his charge, let them appear at the ſign of the Three *Logger-heads* in *Bacchus*-Court, and there they ſhall be heard by the two Noble Iudges, *Oliver*, and *Old-Nick*, his Holy Father. Given under the Hand and Seals of theſe two above written, at the ſign of the three merry Companions in *Bedlam*, that is to ſay, poor *Robin*, merry *Tom*, and *Jack Lackwit*.

Newly Compoſed by a well-wiſher to Sir John *and all that love him.*

By poor *Tom* for the King, a lover of mirth, but a hater of Traytors and Miſchief.

Thomas Robins the Author.

Printed for *Thomas Paſſinger*, and are to be Sold by *J. Deacon*, at the Sign *Angel* in *Guilt-Spur-Street*, without *Newgate*

The Tune is *Old Sir John Barley Corn*
Or, *Tom of all Trades.*

ALL you that be Good Fellows,
come liſten unto me,
If that you keep the Ale-houſe,
and merry Company:
Attend unto my Story,
which I fear is too true,
It makes my heart full ſorry,
and many doth it rue.

'Tis of a gallant Noble Squire,
which many know full well,
An honeſt Man I witneſs can,
if I the truth may tell:
His name is Sir *John Barley-Corn*,
which makes both Ale and Bread,
What ſhould all do which now are born,
if *Barley-Corn* were dead?

For as I abroad did walk,
I heard a piteous cry,
And many a Man did talk
that *Barley-Corn* muſt Dye;
His Enemies encreaſe ſo faſt,
at board and eke at Bed

I fear their malice will not ceaſe,
till they've cut off his Head.

For Smug the honeſt Black-ſmith,
doth make a pitecus cry,
And Mitk the nimble Taylor,
doth vow that he ſhall dye:
And Gill the Weaver doth complain,
with many Tradeſ-men more,
I hope their labour is in vain,
therefore they may give o're.

Yet now a little while give ear,
you that are ſtanders by,
And you preſently ſhall hear,
Sir John Condemn'd to dye:
All you that love poor Barley-Corn,
a good word for him give,
And he that ſpeaks againſt him,
I wiſh he may not live.

Gentlemen, If you pleaſe but to give ſo much attention, as to ſpare a little time, you ſhall preſently hear Sir John Barley-Corn called to the Bar, and all his Accuſers appear, giving in their Bills againſt him: and alſo his Friends which come and give Evidences on his ſide, and ſave his Life after he was condemn'd to dye.

THE

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Arraigning and Indicting

OF

Sir *John Barley-Corn.*

OYes, O Yes, O Yes; if any Man or woman, in Country, Town or City have any Suits or Bills of indictments again Sir *John Barley-Corn*, let them appear this day, and they shall either hear or be heard.

Vulcan the Black-Smith appears, and gives in his Bill. Be it known to you all, Gentlemen: that this Sir John Barley-Corn hath been a sore Enemy to me, and to many of my Fellows: for many a time when I have been busie at my work, not thinking any harm to any man, but having a Fire-spark in my Throat, I one time going over to the Sign of the Cup and Can, for one penny-worth of Ale, there I found Sir John: I thinking no hurt to any Man, civilly sat me down to spend my honest Two-pence,

but in the end, Sir John began to pick a quarrel with me, and then I started up, thinking to go my way, but then Sir John had got me by the top of the head, that I had no power to help my self: and so by his strength and power he threw me down, broke my head, broke my face, and almost all my bones, that I was not able to work three days, I was so sorely tormented in my head and other parts of my body. Nay, more than this, he pickt my Purse, and left me never a Penny, and therefore he doth deserve to dye.

Will the Weaver. Now Gentlemen, I do beseech you to hear me speak; I am but a poor Man, and have a Wife and a charge of Children, and a poor Weaver by my Trade, yet this ill-knowing Companion will never let me alone, but he is always inticing me from my work, and will not be quiet till he hath got me to the Ale-house, and then he quarrels with me, and abuseth me most basely; and sometimes he binds me hand and foot, and throws me in the Ditch, and there stays with me all night, and the next Morning leaves me, but not with one Penny in my Pocket: and therefore if you hang him, I will never grieve.

The

The Taylor comes in.

And I shall never grieve, if you either hang him or head him, for I am sure he has been a great Enemy to me these many years: for as I never loved him, I never cared for his company, for I always loved Master Wheat far better than Barley. But one time as I was coming home from my work, I espyed Sir John and two or three good-fellows, a Quarrelling, so skipped amongst them, thinking to make them good friends: But as soon as Sir John saw me take my Neighbours part, he straight-way began to Quarrel with me, and gave me such a rump on the Teeth, that I fell backward, and all to bewrayed me, broke both my Elbows, broke Yard-wand. Nay, worse than that, the very same day my Wife met with him, and he, like an ill-conditioned knave, abused her, which made her learn so much mischief, that she comes home so drunk, that she could not stand, and beats my back and sides. Nay, she has not the way so perfect, that I am perswaded she will never leave it, and therefore by my consent you shall put him

to

to the same Death that I have put many of my Enemys to, and that is, to snap off his head.

Mr, Wheatly. Head him, I hang him too, if you please, you shall have my consent: for I am sure he doth deserve it; for I am certain he doth dayly and hourly abuse me. I am sure I have been a Man that has been oftentimes very highly esteemed, both with Lords, Knights, and Squires, and none could please them so well as James Wheatly the Baker: But now the case is alter'd, Sir John Barley-Corn is the Man that is highly esteemed in every place; I am now but plain James Wheatly, and he is Sir John Barley-Corn at every word: and that word hath undone many an honest Man in England. For the Company of Sir John Barley-Corn; I can prove it to be true, has caused many an Honest Man to waste and consume all that ever he hath, and more, as he can get it. Nay, he hath caused many a man to sell House and Land, and all that ever he can, to maintain Sir John Barley-Corn. Nay, when Men have done all that ever they can, sold all, spent all, and left nothing, yet the fancy they have to lack Barley-Corn, makes them to Rob and Steal for Money, to

maintain

maintain themselves in his Company. May, Rob and Steal will not serve sometimes, but kill and slay, Murthering one another for money to keep Sir John Barley-Corn company; till at the last, the Hang-man gets a great part of them. And this Sir John Barley-Corn is the grand foundation of all this mischief, and therefore he deserves to loose his head.

Old-Noll, and Old-Nick,
the Judges.

Well, what answer can you make for your self, Sir John? You hear the Complaints made against you, wherein you are found guilty, both of Fellony and Murther.

Sir John. I beseech you Gentlemen, to let me have the benefit of the Law to speak for my self, if it shall please you to hear me, I hope I shall clear my self. You know Gentlemen, every Man will strive to make his case as good as he can, although he himself be in the most fault; and as the Old proverb goes, Some had better Steal a Sheep than some look over the Hedge: And so it is by me in this Condition; not as I am accused by one of these persons, but by them

all

all, so I intend to make answer against them all, and speak nothing but the truth. These Men complains that Sir John Barley-Corn hath undone them all, which is false, as I shall make it appear.

I confess my Name is Barley-Corn, 'tis true, but you never knew Barley-Corn do any Man harm, but always did good, and hath relieved as many poor as any man, and will do still, if they do not abuse me and my Name, as they have done before time, and doth still; and in a malicious way they take my right Name, and after much ado he takes my good Name from me; and instead of calling me Sir John Barley-Corn, they call me Mr. Mault, and so I come to be abused, and basely belyed on: for it is Mr. Mault that has done all this wrong, which they lay I have done.

Mr. Mault. Who I, Brother John? indeed, but that thou art my Brother, and I love thee well, I would hit thee one slap in the teeth: But no time pass, thou and I shall meet again.

Gentlemen,

Gentlemen, as for my part, I will put my matter to the Bench. First, I pray you consider with your selves, all Trades men would live; and although I Master Mault, do make sometimes a Cup of good Liquor, and many Men come to take it, yet the fault is neither in me, nor in my Brother Iohn. No, no, the fault is in such as these which make this complaint against us, as I shall make it appear to you all.

As in the first place, which of you all can say, but Master Mault can make a cup of good Liquor, with the help of a good Brewer? and when it is made, it must be sold. I pray which of you all can live without it? but when such Men as these, which complains of us, finds it to be good, then they have such a greedy mind, that they think they shall never have enough for their Mony, and so will overcomes wit; and then they begin to Quarrel with me and my Brother Iohn, till at the end, we are forced to take them by the top of the head, and lay them down fast asleep; Then I pray you judge, whither we or they are in the fault.

The Iudges. Truly we cannot see that you are in the fault, but as for Sir Iohn

Iohn Barley-Corn, we will shew you so much favour, that you shall have three days to turn you in, to see if you can find Bayl for your good Behaviour: And as for you, Master Mault, you must bring in Bail too, against the next Sessions: and so farewell for this time.

Now Sir Iohn Barley-Corn and his brother Mault, is marched together: and for joy that they got so fairly off, they went singing this following Song.

The Tune is, Sir *John Barley-Corn*.

ALL you that be Good Fellows,
come listen unto me,
If that you keep the Ale-house,
and merry Company:

My Name is Sir *John Barley-Corn*,
which many know full well,
My brothers Name is Master *Mault*,
as many one can tell.

Though *Smug* the honest Black-Smith
on me doth sore complain,

E're

E're long I know I ſhall not miſs,
to ſhoot him through the brain.

And honeſt Will the Weaver,
for all he is ſo ſtout,
I know he'l do his endeavour,
to have the other bout.

And Nick the nimble Taylor,
will venture his beſt Shears,
Till *Barley-Corn* and maſter *Malt*,
do take him by the Ears.

Though Maſter *Wheat* the Baker,
he be my Younger Brother:
He'l not deny a bout to to try,
with me or any other.

There's not a Tradeſ-man in this Land,
that ever yet was born,
But will take a touch, ſometimes too much
of Sir *John Barley-Corn*.

Therefore all honeſt Trades-men,
a good word for me give;
And pray that Sir *John Barley-Corn*,
may always with you live.

Master Mault. I, but hear you Brother John, now you put me in mind, you know you are to appear again, to make answer for your self; therefore I would have you to provide some one Man to speak for you, else you will be in great danger to loose your head, and then we are all undone. O Brother Mault, take you no care for me, for as for my part, I do not fear but I shall have enow to speak for me, therefore welcome luck, live or dye, I fear nothing and so farewel for this time, for I think I hear them call John Barley-Corn.

I am here, I am here, I am here; What is the man mad?

The Judges. Sir John Barley-Corn, appear, and answer to what is here laid unto your charge. Here you stand Arraigned and Condemned to lose your head. A very sharp piece of business gentlemen, truly I am afraid that it will overlay my Stomach. I hope Gentlemen you will take a part with me, or at the least hear my witness speak, for I am falsly accused.

The Judges. Thou shalt have any favour that can be had, therefore bring in thy Evidence, and let us hear what they can say in thy behalf.

The

The Plow-Man Enters.

Gentlemen, I pray may a Man speak without offence, that do intend to speak nothing but the truth, and no more?

The Judges. Yes, thou may'st be bold to speak the very Truth, and no more, for that is the cause we sit here for: therefore speak boldly, that we may understand thee.

The Plow-man. Gentlemen, in the first place, let me hear what bold impudent Rogue dare speak one word against Sir John Barley-Corn? whoever he is he is no better than a Rogue, a Thief, a Vagabond, a Traytor to the Brown Loaf, a Thief to the Brass Pot, the Oven, and the Spit. Nay, he is a Traytor to the whole world, that would take away the Life of so noble a Man as Sir John Barley-Corn, for he is a Man of an antient House, and is come of a Noble Race; there is neither Lord, Knight, nor Squire, but they love his Company, and he theirs, as long as they do not abuse him, he will abuse no Man, but doth a great deal of good, as can make it appear in many kind of ways. And in the first place, few Plow-Men can live without him; for if it were not for him, we could not

pay our Landlords their Rents, and then I pray, what would such men as you do for mony and fine cloaths? Nay, your gay Ladies would care but little for you, if you had not your rent coming in to maintain them: and we could never pay you, but that Sir John Barley-Corn feeds us with Mony; and yet would you seek to take his Life? for shame let your malice cease, and pardon his life, or else we are all undone.

Enter in Bunch the Brewer.

Gentlemen, I beseech you hear me speak, my name is Bunch, a Brewer, & I do believe few of you can live without a Cup of good Liquor, no more can I tell how to live without the help of Sir John Barley-Corn. As for my own part, I maintain a great charge, and keep a great many Men at work: I pay taxes forty pound a year to the King, God bless him and all this is maintain'd by the help of Sir John, then how can any Man for shame seek to take away his Life?

Enter in Mistris Hostis.

Take his Life, I pray who is that which they would take his Life? It is Sir John Barley-Corn, Mistris Hostis; they say they would

would take of his head; how? take off his Head! then they shall take off mine too. What impudent Rogues be they, that so? I am perswaded that they be none that loves the poor Commonality: surely they be none but some miserable Rogues, that makes their Bags their God, heaping up their Chests with Mony, to stop the Devils mouth when he comes to fetch them: such as these would have no body live but themselves. Indeed, such as these do not care to take off the Head of any Man, if they could but inrich themselves by it. Away Vagabonds, away you blood-sucking Rogues, away you Muck-Worms of the World, you would have no body live but your selves: I hope Sir Iohn will stay amongst us, when Old Nick will fetch such as you away by ten at a burthen. Gentlemen, I do beseech you to take notice of what such fellows say, for they care not what blood they shed. As for Sir Iohn, I know him to be an honest Man, and never abused any Man, if they abuse not him; First, in so doing they abuse themselves, for all they say he abuses them. I do protest to you Gentlemen, before you take his Life, you shall take mine. Nay, I beseech you give me leave to speak to you; if you put him to Death all England is undone, for there is not such ano-

ther in the Land that can do as he can do, and hath done, for he call make a Cripple to go, he can make a Coward to fight with a valiant Souldier. May, he can make a good Souldier to feel neither Hungar nor Cold, Besides, for valiour in himself, there is few can Encounter with him, for he can pull down the strongest Man in the World, and lay him fast asleep. Therefore I beseech you Gentlemen, let him live, or else we are all undone.

Enter in Excise-man.

Gentlemen, all this is true which the woman speaks: for if you put Sir Iohn Barley-Corn to Death, I and my family are all undone: for I pay a great Rent for my Farm; and I have a great many Servants under me, which lies me in great charges, and if you put Sir Iohn to Death, I and mine are all undone: and therefore I pray let him live, if you love the Common-wealth.

The

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The Judges.

Well, we see no cause of Death in this Man, therefore he shall not dye: Sir John, your life is now pardoned, henceforth and forevermore: therefore down on thy knees, and pray for King James the Second. I will Sirs, and a Curse on his heart that will not say Amen to our Prayer.

Sir

Sir *Iohns* PRAYER.

O Heavens protect our Gracious King, his Royal Queen alſo; Lord grant them long time to be ſeen, in ſpight of his cruel Foe: from Traytors bold, that ſeeks their King and Queen for to deſtroy, defend them Lord, with one accord, unto their Subjects joy: that while the Sun and Moon doth laſt, we may enjoy a King; and when Death comes, provide them Room, with Angels for to Sing: And he or ſhe, what e're you be, that will not ſay *Amen*; Sir *John* doth pray, both night and day, you never ſpeak again.

Written by Thomas Robbins

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